

Occasional DEDICATION,
O F
Dr. *DEERING's*
CATALOGUE of PLANTS
Growing about *Nottingham*,
T O
William Griffith, Esq;
One of the Elder LIEUTENANTS
of his Majesty's Royal Navy.



NOTTINGHAM:
Printed by GEORGE AYSCOUGH. 1738.

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF LONDON

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

BY JOHN STOW.

THE SECOND EDITION.

REVISED BY JOHN COCKER.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

THE FIRST VOLUME.

THE HISTORY OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

Printed by George Aylmer, 1733.



S I R

NOTWITHSTANDING the Hazard I run, of being attack'd by a whole Swarm of *Satyrical Wasps*, for singling out You of all Men, to stand Godfather to my vegetable *Bantling*: Yet am I daring enough to recommend this little *Brat* to your Favour.

Monstrous! cries one, Dedicate the Offspring of the Earth, to a Man who has spent the major part of his Life in quite a contrary Element.

The Inducement is the greater, and the Hope of success the stronger.

Is it not reasonable to expect that a Dish of delicate Fish, would

A

be

The *Dedication*.

be a more acceptable Present to a Gardiner ; than a Basket of choice Fruit, of which he has great Plenty already? Or will a Person who has for a long Time been used to the wholesome Smell of *Pitch* and *Tar*; not think the Fragrancy of a *Rose* or *Clove-gilliflower* an agreeable Novelty? surely he will. And I do not doubt in the least *Sir*, but You will receive this Offer of mine with as favourable a Countenance as once a great King did a *Turnip* from a poor Subject of his. This I promise myself the rather, because the Distance between the Giver and Receiver is much less, and in the second Place I expect no Reward.

Let Impertinence sneer and prate what it will in Derogation of your Merit, I have enough to say in behalf of my PATRON, without having recourse to a set of
some

The *Dedication*.

some Compliments for Favours I never received, and without pretending to lie under Obligations You never burthened me with.

This frank Declaration, I hope will secure me from the Imputation of Flattery, in whatever I shall say concerning You.

If the Knowledge of Men and Things does only deserve the Name of true Learning; which all discerning Men allow, You have had as great Opportunities to make yourself Master of it as most, having for a considerable Number of Years filled up the Post of a Sub-Governor of diverse little Worlds, But if learning be confined to *Latin, Greek, and the Scholastical Sciences*; It is easily to be proved, that many whose undebauched natural Parts, with some additional Knowledge of the World, would

The *Dedication*.

have made them valuable in their several Stations of Life, have by that sort of Education been rendered either arrant *Pedants* or egregious *Coxcombs*.

In Regard to this, it may be said of You with Truth; That your early Aversion to *Unprotestant Languages*, has protected You from Pedantry, and that no *Scholastical Trammels* have taught your Reason to Humble.

Hence that rugged Simplicity and Plainness of Expression for which *Englishmen* are so much famed, seems to be *Concentrated* in You. 'Tis that uniform *Roughness*, which bespeaks You the Indulgence of Persons of all Ranks from the highest to the lowest with whom You converse.

And though some few *Silken Ears*, who are as much startled at a Crack of *Wind*, as others at
the

The Dedication

the Report of a *Cannon*, should be offended at the martial Briskness of your *Repartees*; it must be charged to their Ignorance of the World, where every one is the more consistent with himself, the more he acts within Character, which You never fail to do.

Besides whoever knows You, will do you that Justice, that (to speak in your own *Phrase*) whenever You fire a *Gun*, You take care not to charge it with *Ball*, your Design being only to bring to, not to do Damage.

How ridiculous would it appear should a Man who has more than once bravely encountered a fierce Enemy on the Main, and split the Back of *Neptune* in a thousand Places, express himself with a squeaking Voice, in Terms only suitable to a languishing Lover. If the Observation of the Ingenious *Mr. Pope*
in

The Dedication

in his *Essay on Criticism* be Just; that even a Poet when speaking of that rough Element should make his *Verse* roar like the *Billows*: How much more ought it to be expected that one who for many Years has drawn his Breath in *Neptune's* Realm, should speak a Language consonant to it.

I could enumerate many more Things tending to your Advantage, but that I fear to trespass too much on your Patience wherefore I save your *Blushes*.

Daily Experience shews us, that Men who have gained a Competency, and are for leaving off Business generally flatter themselves in vain with sitting down in quiet, and enjoying the Remainder of their Days to their Satisfaction, whereas on the contrary, unless they choose some Amusement equivalent to their usual Way of Life, they

The *Dedication.*

they never fail to breed Distempers contract Infirmary of Body, and hasten their End. This is in some Measure verified even in Yourself, who since it has been your Lot of late Years, to be exempt from the Fatigue and Toil of your former Employment, and to live in a more calm Element, where the Air not like that at *Sea* is keen enough to carry off the superfluities of a plentiful Diet, without the Help of adequate Exercise, are forced to give too frequently Admittance to that troublesome Visitor the *Gout*. 'Tis that which has encouraged me to believe it might not be unseasonable, as a *Physician* to offer you this generous Advice: That as You have in Time past taken Notice of the various Productions of the *Sea*, You would now turn your Eyes towards those

The *Dedication*.

those of the Land, which will of Course ingage You in a gentle exercise of your Legs and Feet, and as that will cause those Parts to Perspire freely, a great Portion of the Matter which occasions that painful Distemper will be discharged by the Pores of the Skin, and the Attacks of this bitter Enemy, of yours will be Fainter and less Frequent. Nor think the worse of this Advice, because given gratis, a repeated Trial will convince you of its Value. And now Sir this Tract being designed for the Service of the Publick, if it should not in all Respects prove so satisfactory to You in particular as You might wish, at least grant it the *Blessing* of your *Silence*, which I am confident will make it usefull to many, who (should You disclaim your Patronage) would scarce deign to look into it. This Favour I hope

The *Dedication.*

I may promise myself from your
known Candor, and assure your-
self on my Part, there shall ever
be burning to You the *Candle of*
Sir

your very humble
and

obliged
Servant

C. D.



The Declaration

may present to you
down below, and after that
it on my part, that will
be coming to you the same of

Your very humble
obedient
servant
C. D.



